Conſider what you firſt did ſweare vnto:
To faſt, to ſtudy, and to ſee no woman:
Flat treaſon gainſt the kingly ſtate of youth.
Say, Can you faſt? your ſtomacks are too young:
And abſtinence ingenders maladies.
And where that you haue vowd to ſtudie (Lordes)
In that each of you haue forſworne his Booke.
Can you ſtill dreame and poare and thereon looke.
For when would you my Lord, or you, or you,
Haue found the ground of Studies excellence,
Without the beautie of a womans face?
From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue,
They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Achadems,
From whence doth ſpring the true *Promethean* fire.
Why vniuerſall plodding poyſons vp
The nimble ſpirites in the arteries,
As motion and long during action tyres
The ſinnowy vigour of the trauayler.
Now for not looking on a womans face,
You haue in that forſworne the vſe of eyes:
And ſtudie too, the cauſer of your vow.
For where is any Authour in the worlde,
Teaches ſuch beautie as a womas eye:
Learning is but an adiunct to our ſelfe,
And where we are, our Learning likewiſe is.
Then when our ſelues we ſee in Ladies eyes,
With our ſelues.
Do we not likewiſe ſee our learning there?
O we haue made a Vow to ſtudie, Lordes,
And in that Vow we haue forſworne our Bookes:
For when would you (my Leedge) or you, or you?
In leaden contemplation haue found out
Such fierie Numbers as the prompting eyes,
Of beautis tutors haue inritcht you with:
Other ſlow Artes intirely keepe the braine:
And therefore finding barraine practizers,
Scarce ſhew a harueſt of their heauie toyle.

But Loue firſt learned in a Ladies eyes,
Liues not alone emured in the braine:
But with the motion of all elamentes,
Courſes as ſwift as thought in euery power,
And giues to euery power a double power,
Aboue their functions and their offices.
It addes a precious ſeeing to the eye:
A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde.
A Louers eare will heare the loweſt ſound
When the ſuſpitious head of theft is ſtopt.
Loues feeling is more ſoft and ſenſible,
Then are the tender hornes of Cockled Snayles,
Loues tongue proues daintie, *Bachus* groſſe in taſte,
For Valoure, is not Loue a *Hercules*?
Still clyming trees in the *Heſperides*.
Subtit as *Sphynx*, as ſweete and muſicall,
As bright *Appolos* Lute, ſtrung with his haire,
And when Loue ſpeakes, the voyce of all the Goddes,
Make heauen drowſie with the harmonie.
Neuer durſt Poet touch a pen to write,
Vntill his Incke were tempred with Loues ſighes:
O then his lines would rauiſh ſauage eares,
And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie.
From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue.
They ſparcle ſtill the right promethean fier,
They are the Bookes, the Artes, the Achademes,
That ſhew, containe, and nouriſh all the worlde.
Elſ none at all in ought proues excellent.
Then fooles you were, theſe women to forſweare:
Or keeping what is ſworne, you will proue fooles,
For Wiſedomes ſake, a worde that all men loue:
Or for Loues ſake, a worde that loues all men,
Or for Mens ſake, the authour of theſe Women:
Or Womens ſake, by whom we Men are Men,
Lets vs once looſe our othes to finde our ſelues,
Or els we looſe our ſelues, to keepe our othes:
It is Religion to be thus forſworne.